The Young-womans Complaint:

OR,

A Caveat to all Maids to have a care how they be Married to Old Men.

The Tune is, *What ſhould a young woman do with an old man, &c.* Or, *The Tyrant.*

COme all you young damſels both beauteous and frée,
Ile Summon you all to liſten to mée;
A Song of misguiding, concerning my Marriage,
Sorrow's the cauſe of this my ill carriage;
A Maiden of fifteen as it may appear
She Married an Old-man of Seventy-two year;
And by her misfortune well prove it I can,
That ſhe is ſore troubled with an Old-man.

When he ſits down by me, hé'l preſently blame me,
He often doth chide me and threatens to lame me;
Then fain would I hide me but cannot tell where.
He calls me young Giglet, and ſometimes bold whore;
But hold thy tongue man, for I am none ſuch,
I dare not call Cuckold though I think as much:
She throws by her Bracelets her Hat and her Fan,
Sing curſ'd be the time that I ſaw this Old-man.

To ſpeak of his Livings his Land or his Fée,
Or of his Relations tw tedious 'twill bée;
His humping, his grumping his curſing, and ſwearing,
He's almoſt quite blind, and heard of his hearing,
His Pate it is bauld, and his Beard it is thin,
His Breath it doth ſtink, and ſhort is his thing:
And now let him do what ever he can,
Judge if it be fitting to love this Old-man.

In Bed as I lye, he groaneth he cryeth
Like one that is dyeing in ſorrow he lyeth:
Inſtead of Loves bliſſes he ſcrathes and grambles
And all the night long he toſſes and tumbles,
And lying and dyeing and telling the Clock,
Wéeping and wailing, expecting a Knock:
And wiping away her tears as they ran,
What ſhall a young woman do with this old man.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

HE ſtoops in the ſhoulders
and goes almoſt double
He is alwayes to me
a continual trobble,
His Breaſt it ſticks forth
even almoſt with's ſnout,
He ſeldom goes far without
letting a rout,
His hands they do ſhake,
and he's very lame,
And all his whole body is
quite out of frame,
His Noſe it is long, and
his face pale and wan,
With all the ill properties
of an Old man.

When he walks abroad with
ſometimes in the ſtréet (me
He limps, and he ſtumbles,
the boys they do ſée't,
And laugh him to ſcorn,
he créeps and he grumbles,
He coughs and he ſpits,
and at laſt he down tumbles
Then I cry and lament
that ere I was born,
But to quit his love, ſle
make him wear the horn;
For let me do what
ever I may or can,
I ſtill ſhall be plagu'd
with this doting old man.

If I with ſome young-men
do chance for to méet,
And do but them freindly
and courteouſly gréet,
Then he begins preſently
to ſcold and brawl,
And a thouſand baſe names
he then will me call,
Which makes me with greif
and ſorrow lament,
And now it's to late
I fear to repent:
But ſle get a Youngſter that
pleaſe me well can,
Then a fig for this doting
feeble old man.

I forc'd was to marry him
'cauſe of his Wealth,
But ſle have another now,
and then by ſtealth:
For with him I muſt never
expect any joy;
Which vexes me worſt
I ſhall nere have a boy;
Therefore I'm reſolv'd to
live merry and jolly,
And take the beſt courſe
to quite Melancholly.
For what ſhould a yông-wo-
do with this old man (man
But make him a Cuckold
as ſoon as ſhe can

There's young men enough,
which will make much of me
And I unto them will be
gallant and frée:
They'l court me and kiſſe
and pleaſe me full well,
And I will not want it,
the truth I you tell;
His Cheſts Ile ſet open,
his money let fly,
For Ile lead a merry life,
until I dye.
What ſhould a yông-woman
do with this old man,
But make him a Cuckold
as ſoon as ſhe can.

My advice is to you all
Maids that are young,
That you get you Husband,
that will you not wrong,
For ſure youth with age
will never agrée,
As by this Ditty you
plainly may ſée;
Therefore take you warning
all by my miſcarriage,
Be ſure to be wiſe in
your choice of Marriage:
For Ile allure you,
do what you can,
You never can love ſuch,
an Old doting man. *Finis.*

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